

IRIDIS

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I

RAIN FALLS

I try to sleep
the night grows
as branches spread
the words bullen
are cicadas
the moment is eternity
breathing a knot
jasmine on the waves
purple the sky under my trail
in a suitcase the promised corner
two in the morning
the everyday is the void
contain yawning
keep as secret
the thirst that precipitates
fall into a broken image
scare away flies
is natural
be the hours on the table
dispense with the ghost
awake being a photograph
the words a swarm
I have disappeared soon
there is but one stone left

chains tie my thread
to the invisible feed
all calculation on the horizon
somehow it is found
imperfect
in front of a mirror
I've forgotten what I was writing for.

I SHRINK BY MYSELF

i acquire the shape of a mole on the body
i overshadow the life of an ant
i stack a school of waves on the sand
sitting on the shore of the island
I leave my calm to the wind
and I surrender to the night
to make amends for the wrong
i alone decide to wait for the darkness
and the promise goes astray
in some bottle that the sea swallows
i alone light a campfire of fears
and I stoke the fire to warm myself
i alone lose the magnet in the sand
and destroy words
i just walk
i pick up the silver threads
waving with the wind and throwing my temples
i reach the dawn
life continues
and grows like branches.

GRAB YOUR NAME

Turn on the light and quit

Increase your voice

You almost disappear

Find your window

And run away

Don't kid yourself

With one hand hold the water

With the other

Air

The first song disappears

Everything endless is repeated

Leave your island and come back

Find yourself on the road

You must start now

Leave your pride on a table

Struggle

Pull your hair

Remove your nails if you think

Take off the skin you wear

Mute your voice

It governs you

You are more of a dream

You are taller than the mirror

Is moment

Even if you're just
A small brand
In the hole of your time. tu nombre

MY PASSION NEEDS CHAOS
the discussion of the stars
needs a war of lights
of the asphalt at night
needs words
of the hat with featherweight
of the essence of trees in autumn
of the tempest in a cigarette butt
needs ruin at every moment
of the perversity of the transparent
between my cicada fingers.
My thirst needs the abyss
in the lust of loneliness eroticized
in the flowers of hourly dislexia
my clock needs the dichotomy
in a room needs the rain
needs the words
on the other side of the desert.

THAT'S ENOUGH
look into each other's eyes
feel the present
escape light
as a character
dressed in oblivion.
Is enough the silence
the doubt
remain invisible
so dust
so rain in the dance.
Exist every morning
looking in the mirror
an ink sketch
on a plate
dare
lighting a cigarette
inhabit the skin
a sphere
chain a window
leafless.
It's enough to breathe
lying down the body
soon eclipse
do not keep drifting.

WE ARE ALL PART OF A LIE
or a history of drifting zeal
Latimos at night
heavens to contain fear
Looking at us without understanding us
we hide a defeat
or destroy what matters to us
somehow we hurt ourselves
we contain the air
we keep walking
and the body does not fall
we reinvent episodes
like the river to the sea
Disfigured
with the perfect pulse
we pursue the adventure
We are what explodes
unrepeatable
an instant
under the gaze
that's how we know each other.

THEY ARE CLOUDS

They are birds
They are sunsets without encounter
They are bird footprints on the chest
They are pieces of heaven in the pocket
They are everyday
They are forgetfulness in the bowels
There are thousands of whispers a shadow
It's the nights of torn screaming
They are north of contours
It's the painted-faced laughs
The cry of white rattle
Tears from emerald curtains
They are the sigh on paper
They are the promise of the sea
To tell the desert
It's the darkness
The voices
Are the piece of the riddle
The target of fruits
They are like footprint in the void
They are the thirsty foolishness
Of finding the lost.

EYELASHES RUST

the skin is wrapped
the manar crystallizes
in lag tañe the inspiration
on the pillow
doors are propped up
nails evaporate over the wound
the wedge of hair sheds
my arms trace thorns
my feet walk petrified
freedom of sand between my fingers
the rescinded branches
the collapsed signs
I build the propitious
if I can't find
Imagine
if you don't recognize me
I don't exist
what does not exist
condemns us
to rush into the absurd
run and bend the cliffs.

UNDER THE EARTH AWAKENED

in the reflex
the mud on the road
rotten fruit
when breathing
ignite the reproach
you don't even write swamp
of the reflection that does not return
of you when you drank
signs of piety
you arrive to accumulate control
and cicadas sing
giving you the
almost always being wrong
lost in the garúa
in silence
bursts
in the error leak
subjected to matches
and you wake up in the distance.

THEY CAN FILL YOUR LUNGS WITH STONES
rub your heartbeat on the coffin
build a campfire
and light up with your bones
weave with the thread of your voice a mirror
with your hands as a burin
sketch remorse
continue to ignore
contemplate
and build your insect nose
loving you with your eyes closed
behind the windows
and don't understand
repeat your story
day after day
with the glass
build the well
leave you inside
love you so much.

MY SWAMP BED

i get trapped
noise is frightened
respite the night
an eye on my lung
the void in the back
bustle under the covers
one commits suicide
in the justification
of other errors
of other mirrors
everyone looked at me
with thirsty eyes
laughter
i barely get it
food guilt
my skin
pain
my head is a cage
inside everything is silent
evaporates
disguises himself
the feeling of not being
and the night knocks on the door
i decide to think
a hint of reality.

DESTROY EVERYTHING
the eyes of others crush
the knife voice drinks from the neck
the small in its foundation.
Destroy prejudice
irony
the steps to the vacuum.
Destroy laughter
the river of gloomy footsteps
destroy obligations
of a woman who accepts
he understands his fate.
Destroy colors
and start growing
build answers
from the corners.
Build a morning
accept the rain
accept the clearing
clay hardening
have voice and thoughts
come out of the cloud
smiling at the dark
born as fire
create knowledge

and an image
get out of doubts.
Fears suffocate.

PINS ON THE FEET
scorpions on the chest
the night fits me
I'm so far away
i hurry
running out of air
hesitant to hit
and start the need.
Torn knees
i chase and walk away
i do not reach
i tremble
i cry and regret it
it was almost never the way
a destination
to fall
Where is he?
Where is he?
Everything is darkness
gets closer and closer
Where are they?
There is another reality
promises to let yourself be reached
rediscover
breathe
i still know how to breathe.

THE TORTURE REFLEX

drag the mud
grows with the name
the ghost herd
of this old matter
and does not exalt
it is lost.
Trembles
in contempt
Fears
food was made
when they started
from a simple mistake to frenzy
and disturbed
runs away
depressive
invades the sky
close to the pretext
shuffle the cards
on the crescent wall.
It is bordered by mediocrity
to get off the lines
to the strategy
of a sea of hands
as of air before the sculpture

wields pupils
before the representation
of a hat over the game
of pins like fingers.
A diagram
and breathe
on a thirsty watch
futility.
You amaze at the emptiness
the thrown
create your words
when dreaming differently
without lines.
They are waiting for you
have tail
have a mouth
its bone claws
his paper footprints
in your dreams
in your food are
on the walls lurk
in the hallway they run.
They want from you
object fixation
silence listening
you are discovered
to be in your eyes
on your lips on the precipices and the trunk
everywhere.

It's late
Breathe
a squeak chair
curtains flutter
they don't look at the lawsuits
in the same way
cross
they spill their stinging
and they run away.

DON'T GET CLOSE
you can fall
don't talk
you will sink your voice
don't recite silence
you will go blind.
There is only one door
and within the universe
an image
and it's almost always the mirror.
Don't look inside
eclipses your ears
turn on the distance
do not find the window
It's all right
intact objects.
Stay out
start running
catch your footsteps
look inside
he is in prison.
It's time
don't look back
chases you
you will lose it

don't kid yourself
is still
waiting for you to turn
don't look at it
slowly backs up
and don't come back
to fall is to plant
naivety.

||

CYCLIC TIME AND IT'S HEAVY memory on objects
in the movement of the body drew spirals in the air
see that you are extinct long before writing
and jump on one foot to reach a paradise
and not to drag nightmares into the innocent gaze that
sings solitude in a sign of ash
and an enigma in the complexion
like the wrapper of a sweet or the joke that a stranger
tells and dies of laughter and is heard and starved to death
exile in a pyramid of old feelings
hurt like needles on the chest
floor every encounter with insect feet
to not believe me that the unheard of and its end
is a night to bend another shore
and build the rubble or resist the defeated hope.
I walk and scrutinize the mastery of a dry cough
burns between words and loneliness as the silence
of a country of mysteries and omens in the hand
scandalizes the cracks
continue to sprout like gestures and pieces of a puzzle
on a hurricane wall predestined
to be erased from memory.

A WINDOW RESTS IN FRONT OF THE GAZE

long combing reality

a hand touches the shoulder and shatters

in a corner.

A candle magnet on the horizon

sitting between words

the ghost portrait on a phone

see its evocation

a room tortured

the test of a volatile skin

in an absurdity to follow.

And it doesn't fit at the door

on the broken table

remember mirages.

A desire hesitated and soon receded

the room the same

was not possible

Needed

be close to disappear.

I write again

so as not to harass the window

with the night in a song.

I can not resist

if I still wait
keep dreaming
in this room.

SECRETLY HID

inflamed skin

in the fire

dreams burst against the eyes

and near the edge the road of no return.

He drew a knot.

With its aridity it walks through the niches

agony without a past

an autumnal oasis of laughter

remember hands dressed in flowers

and in front of the portrait

the greatest distance intensifies.

With the bones in their field of thorns

just eyes fading

with the promise

Explodes

and so much is nothing

and the days go on

of wound

and howl children like cats.

In his game of ghost bells and in a city inhabited by clay pots

and wax faces to dress the thread

he holds them

burns with insect structure
between the teeth
between the tongue.

PEACE CARESSES WITH ITS STENCH OF IMPRINT

moans about the night
a worm carries its stigma
and a shoe mends insomnia.

In longing
drowning
and their wicker scars
and on its basis
with ant voice a smile
with pebbles in your pockets
link the weight to the bottom
and the skin with the foam
it will not overcome fear.

Mirror costume
and in the face of crying he rules with his complaint
in a state close to the waist
and to the lips.

There is the end and the nights
the trees
one afternoon
and the only death between the pockets.

DEATH FALLS

strides

rises

sits at the table

crosses the afternoon and strives

in disturbing with your scale

the joke of scratching your hair

and ask for some time.

Death falls and bounces

between the winks of the clock

disrupts all paper and all laughter

of a race between the navel

and the hubbub

of requiems like whispers

between the zenith of the sheets

where a goblin mutters

a murmur between the ears

and everything falls apart

and pierced through the air

its augury and intimate darkness.

Death and his black footprint

of cat between his eyes

curls his tail on the ladder

from the lips to the gaze

burst the pages.

And in the voice he drags his coat
shake the rope
bristles before
his show
between plaster walls
with lilies on the drawer
and black cry of relief.
Death
seduced by lightness
by enriching the timelessness
arrives at the door
and pronounce a name with a beautiful voice
and moss between the teeth.
Falls in love and drops the hours
and the next day between the sheets
no one dies anymore.

JUST TALK

is a voice

is an ear

an eye thistle

words

musita

and in silence

it's just ear

it's just hands

it's just fingers

just the chirping

just caress

magnet of ideas

just drops

eyelashes

eyebrows

skin

and on your forehead

the clay idol

the woman waves the handkerchief

is white

Waves

his firm footstep

exceeds the river

consigns a gesture

takes off his hat
is skin again
ear and lips
heartbeat
disposable part
is what they say
is what you think
it is expected to be
a name
a legacy
and to come back
leave your shoes
eyes and mud
and sits down to talk with the sun
with the figures.

I CLOSE MY EYES

spit feathers

world of strings

of esophagus and lily

of cold moles

segments me

and I struggle with the floor

I dig the stage

Nailed.

And it is not enough to look at the light

the heat in the palm

and on the feet

pretending theater and body

movement and comedy

be here

Wondering

writing to me in pieces

and devour me whole

in one night

unrealizable

to dream

with arms closed

and conjuration

of a pen plays

is a fish devouring

or a metal hand

embraced by the noise

to know me

timeless

with the bandages in your hands

with the lenses in the mud.

Left hand/ Sinister.

DISAPPEAR IN EXERCISE

of seeing almost always the same thing
and create little by little what must exist.

Modify an error

and think that the right trait can be found
the coherent principle
in every glimpse.

Think a little

in the drawings the attempts
even if the stories are silent
and you want the mirror.

Filling the sips of a mistake
dream it complete

between the lines
between the finger leak
of the eyes

and look standing and sideways
with the scissors and the story
of a different government.

CORNER
river and thirst
then night
never moon
never sun.
I take off my skeleton
i live the cold and think
is nothing
empty
without words.
I repeat my name
i decide to dress it
Write
the sky falls
silence falls.
I can't help it
cracked
the voice hurts
no presence
without being here
Hurts
and it doesn't exist.
Recognize
the place
of the empty house.

I look like an ant
the giant trees
in his height
the pace of defeat
his expression of joy
and height.
Advance
and they don't come back
they believe me tree
root
the bone lives.
They suffocate me
Hair feet and hands
one person
Think
eyes
a look
a life
a mask
and the days will come
enigma in his lap
the promise will burn
and being in the other
strangles the swamp
and they will see
approach
just one.

SILENCE TRANSPIRES
timeless and continuous
it's not the rain
it's not the music
silence a lamp
Trembles
and darkness picks up a blanket
shelters him
whispers songs to him
it sticks on the walls and on the skin
a collage of intensity.
Silence climbs the stands
Open the door
locks himself in another room
hides an impossibility
a will and not being able to
or a power and not wanting
until it disappears.
It is instead
traverses the labyrinth
of responses
in the freedom to choose to
stay where fear terrifies
dance in the rain
are pronounced as an echo.

in the covenant
no answers
Hold on.

THE VOICES IN THE COURTYARD

a hand weaves
the screen
when I am
split portrait
in the room
in the palms that sweat the sky
do not rub the faces of the street
and the artifact of matching without touching
to dispense with the other
behind the curtains
walk with umbrellas.
Floor the mud
where life stops
the mechanism names chaos
breath under the covers
with your eyes closed
with your finger on the wound
of the trembling mist.



LOST

we stay to increase the numbers
bend your back and feed the wheat
we lost when we grew up
we chain the food
and we build walls by protecting ourselves
pieces of land by hurting us
with sweat without understanding it
we lost the image of heaven
and we grew up like insects
as spiral numbers
we lost much earlier
on earth
when we open our eyes
when we break into pain
one goes up
vertically to the voice
we lost when we decided the value of things
and we could no longer look back
the use became the end
the natural in artificial
we lost immortality
and gained the right to dream.

EVERYTHING IS OF THAT NAME
that old hat
silence dissected in front of the mirror
caressed by pain.
And in its essence of things
old issues are dressing
Reluctant
Hurt.
Everything has its time
and the one who remembers
lives in love with darkness
and candles only howl at night
of the mud that makes a man
obey rules of a fantastic nature
in its continuous rocking of the air
for abstract angels
of suns and strings that break.
We wander on islands of pain
and towards the sea we drag words
when we sink
we feel the weight and turn our gaze
we think time
crushes our footprint
and we allow ourselves to dream
the irreplaceable

the wrong choice
wanders in thought.
We are still bones
of eyes sealed in ash
We exchange caresses for daggers
hurting us with guilt
we go through the tempest of language
to be stranded on your island
we tie the knot
from body to imagination
we hold our breath to an ancient age
and we look at the prayer
in a gesture of the identical streets
of being invented.

WITH FEAR AS THE ONLY SKIN

And the void as a sailboat
of the sea in its effigy and
every night it is repeated
forget the gloom with huge eyes.
And from the balcony
prisoners of that night
Burned.

Afraid of not being able to tear the page off
twinning the bones to his confession.
Someone different
equal to you
in that fog of emotions
resigns himself to the impossible
and hurt yourself
getting drunk on predictions
in the unreal
where it is and none exists
does not belong to memory
not even objects
thought does not dwell
only the void
as the distinguished look back
and waits for heaven to believe that it will come.

Walls suffocate
silence is air and strange sensation
the cleft.

THAT WORD REMAINS
that mock prayer
immutable
its breakdown
the circular fall of delusions
walls closing on themselves
Destiny sticks out its tongue
in the wandering of the streets
remains to remain
the night
in the disorder of tragedy
when Theseus lost Ariadne
and it was the ship of black sails
as now that I wait for you
and the mimetic wake
the vestiges remain
roll towards life
When curiosity sank
the labyrinth began to be invented
sequestered to fear
to not be able to unite the cruelty
snatch desires
and look at the sad animal that waits
with calm eyes.

IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND THE MYSTERY
not to be among the doubts
the wait
the gaze of the one who drags oblivion
and be once again caged
in the mirror.
Stay to write other feats
look in the corners for a being tailored to your needs
and once again shun delirium
in the fable of the moment
recycle the enigma
to not understand my dream
and set up the campfire in my blindness
ignites my anguish
to find you
and be the ghost in the rain
of questions
to burn the gaze
on the whole skin
to search between pages.

AN IDEA
one word
a small longing
or hope
something doesn't change
remains
contains your eyes
your essence
spring
in the abandoned light
submerged
waiting for you
crawl in the waters
with his face against the current
remains
does not shut up
beats and shudders
something they don't tell you
you don't understand
vibrates
in the early days
something lost between smell
in your hands
modeled
cleaned your face

not to see each other
not to see you
something on your back holds you
in your gaze
in the picture
of your voice in a shipwreck
in the first gestures
in the skin of the labyrinth
breathe
immutable.

GHOSTS PILE UP LIKE BOOKS ON THE TABLE

I could expect chance to roll
and the ink will screw the knot.
The broken music
traverses the message
and continue to close the small life
and awaken in the small death
cloud skin mortality
we keep fighting and we have left
feel the laughter
harden the darkness
feel the early morning
harden
the return to the same
and the decadent look
the plea of the walls
and the fenestrations of time
as moles of freedom in
uncertainty watering with the
eyes and walking forgetting
two meters between the earth
sleeps the food faces of men
are no more.

INHABITED SKIN

skin dawns

warms the night

it roots age.

Skin with eyes

is petals

river of tongue

skin at home

your shoes

the ears.

Mirror skin

raves

sweat

Is founded

dreams are tied

and start walking.

A LOSS WAS KNOWN

a fault
he pulled his clothes when he heard
and could be invented perfectly
maybe only the lipstick worked
to imitate it
watch the sunset
the attempts
and the little hand followed the skirt
at night when I closed my eyes
looking for the other shore
looked at his remains in that government
and being the swamp shrank his fingers
of the ideal being and for once
looked into his skin
that strange calm
voice
against a wall
not to remain captive
and the hasty arrival
from whom he leaves.

STAY HOME
in your room
behind the walls
in the area of freedom
for masks
in your skin under the mystery
between the doors.
Walk on the rope
search for answers
with the clouds
in the bolt
in the perfect excision
about your steps
to look at your feet
in the usual day
in liquid memory
is river and passes
relieve your omen
between both hands
with tearing the rags
in the womb
as languages
in the lying voice
words fly

no rumor
writes
and stay without seeing you.

A LITTLE THREAD AND CHASE

The naïve disguises words
and rotate the pages in a circle
of moments to compose
With a voice in the labyrinth
wields blame.
She keeps running
burns between pages
they no longer save you
they skew your breathing
Walk out of the skin
words lost and in the middle of the wound
mask harassment
and sit between the stones to wait
grow the waves and take away the rocks
take the river and the air
and the void with the voice of earth
walks where to return
and weighs in the memory so much
the night of the window
no one is left with her
it has the storm in the glass
the delirium under the carpet
a prison enveloping
between the ears burns with despair.

In the morning the sun is still warm
perched travels
the unreality of words.

WHAT IS IT?

A black wing
again the loss
the song
garments
the drowned corner.

What is it?

The shadowed fruit
the tentacle that oppresses
the farewell.

In insomnia

rebuke him

Arguments

erosion on

the pustules of time.

What is it?

Fear agonizes

you spray the minute

pillow or bed

and greening between schedules.

What is it?

The root of the void in the distance

the distant profile of the swamp

the image

What is it?

The sunset painting
rock figures
childhood in the room
a dream among the spoils.
And the idea between the lamps
It illuminates with its beam of fire.

LANGUAGE WON'T ERECT YOU
it won't save you anymore as a figure.
It will be a tongue running down your neck
wrap your sculpture
and be your mystery.

Language will not recreate ears in sleep
features build alien eyes in reflection.
Language won't shelter you with its skin
will not wield the key
in pieces
in names.

Language won't find you
in the fragrance.

Language does not lose its calm
does not survive without you
it doesn't lift your weight in the game.

The language is abyss
hurricane is reddened darkness
hisses in the early morning
burst and more voices rule.

Language is the look at the door
is based on loss
with hungry sculpture
what makes you
a bundle of guilt between the eyes
a niche for your bones
powder essence
and postponement.

Language replicates movement
of a forged and ancestral echo

precipice that stains the fields.

THE GIRL PLAYS IN THE GARDEN.

The sun roars its evocation
the wind moves their clothes
is their raving
the slope of lights
Eclipses.
The girl is the one before
when he talked to the wait
survived
and he took out his nose so as not to drown.
His incandescent being plays close to the laurel
smells the perfume
plucks a flower
eat each petal tenderly
the girl plays with crimson red
it's the sign he should have understood.
Through the glass
she sees inside the house
the darkness approaches
she smiles at her.
The age of fleeing is coming.

I LOST MY BEING ON THE SHORE

it was a little euphoria fed
of green and empty
walked invisible
between the arms
tight to the wrist.
Quiet and light-skinned
he would channel the words in the river
his singing was moon
and it was fog in the gaze.
He began to get lost among the crickets
the tall grass invigorated the machete
he was driving his voice
inside like the oracle
in those puns they created eyes
and they couldn't use them
they covered them with dew
were pupils in the early morning
before the river
implausible of the dead.
They wandered
the prayer of the day after
bird looks
at their expiration of
their temporality

had endured so much
and in front of one
raised their brows
and ignited their fears
in the same eyes
Sought
night was procured
every time and without defeat
grew in the swamp
its worm aesthetic.

THE VINE CRACKS

threads under your skin
in the hole.

The precipice ascends to sleep
exquisite knives.

Satiate your guilt or recreate yourself
identical wound
identical language.

In reason they fall
your skin sheds
the senses
and looking at depth
made a ball of fear
uncontrollable.

The nearby door
does not want to continue
repulsion
witnesses of madness
when your nails tear the chaos
and no one sees that light
kneel against the skin
invisible in front the mirror
like you drinking from the desert
the shackle of desire.
And you plan to flee

it is still possible
and the twinge
in the manic evasion
gather your body
the choice
and persists
Staying
without making noise
Tangled
in another voice.

WHO CARES IF YOU EAT

or wash the future

if you shake the dust and widen the hours

and you are not prey in the middle of the mud

or bird fallen before lightning

something like a common death without laziness

Who cares about your silk or paper face

your mistake of yesterday or centuries

the mistake of your hand on the skin

And if you seek the smell of rain

the exquisite oblique green

Who cares about coincidences

invent an order

and find in the room the biggest obstacle

close you the door

find you in pieces

Who cares about your waiting for centuries

if you started leaving away

the navel of the precipice

And you are irony

empty contiguous

of the walls on any given night

Who wants from you more than one ear or a constellation service in the fog?

Defeated entangles the swamp

in front of the wounded jasmine
Who cares about words
knives buried in the voice
Who cares about weight
when the rib became injured
and you invented a breath.

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